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Boetry.

To the Lily of the Valley.

weet flower, why don't thou love to dwell, Like some fair nun within her cell,
Afar from public sight;
Why seek the quiet water's side,
Why seek those drooping bolls to hide
So delicately white?

Then needs not shun thy sisters gay,
Thom art as beautiful as they,
Though not so richly dreat;
Thy simple robe might please a mind
To innocease and peace inclined,
Or charm a sterner breast.

True emblom of Humility,
Oft do I wish to live like thee
In some sealtided spot;
Then would I listen to the song
Of Nature's warblers all day long
And bless my happy lot.

Lify, I'll place thee in my breast. And when by vanity possess? On thee I'll fondly gaze, And meekly strive to imitate Thy modest unassuming state, Thy carelessness of praise.

Selected Cale,

[Written for the Daily Times.]
LOVE BY A STILE.
OR, BORN TO BE USEFUL. BY MRS. JULIA GEISENDORFF.

The slanting beams of a September sun shon with a golden haze upon mendow and upland, valley and stream, clothing all objects it rested on, with that soft, dreamy mellowness so peculiar to our American autumn, as a small laxurious-looking earriage of dark green hae, drive apparently by a man-servant of respectable exterior, came rolling along, and stopped just by the side gate which led into the great farm yard belonging to Mr. David Hawthorn, Jr.

As the carriage came suddenly to a dead ful voice enquired: "Are you sure this is the place, Michaeli's

'Vis ma'm, there can be no mistake at all. for we've followed all the directions to the a source of terror to the poor affrighted Cathie. letter, cross roads and all-will it please ye to light, ma'm.

For a moment the young lady hestiated, and

The man opened; and white driving slowly up the long shady avenue, young Miss Cathie Bruner gazed around upon the scene with a David," she said depracatingly, scarcely daring strange mingling of curiosity and sorrow, for to meet his scoraful glance. all here were anknown to her. She was city bred too, estirely unacquainted with the usual habits and routine of country life; therefore every thing upon which her eye rested, bore a had not, as yet, even seen-but with the hopeful character inseparable from early youth, was confidently certain of liking. They were expecting her on that particular day, for letters and been exchanged between her dear mother and aunt Lucy Hawthorn of invitation and acceptance for a few weeks' visit from her. Cathie, it must be confessed, began to feel a slight sensation of home sickness creeping over her, so the termination of their journey was fruit, that all migra gained; and thoughts of seeing Michael drive away back to all the dear folks at home. voice startled her by its suddenness and close Proximity. "Hallo, there Tom! up with the oxen, and

hand the apples down to the press!"

An answering shout sounded faintly from the looked out. A young man of stalwart frame, bent upon his mother; his own voice turned but noble proportions, was standing just beside away. them employed in raking the fragrant hay Cathie would insist upon carrying her share which lay widely scattered around. A broad of the heavily piled baskets to the house, albrimmed straw hat, much the worse for wear, though such matters were entirely new in the was thrown far back from his white forehead, vocabularly of her home occupations, and David the only fair spot upon a face embrowned by laughed within himself to see how tired she constant exposure to sun and air. As the young seemed before half the way was won, and he lady gazed curiously, their eyes met, and he at noted too how red, say, almost purple was the ouce atood beside the carriage. "Le this Miss Bruner, of Auburn;" he said

addressing the man-servant,

"The same, y'r honor." Cathie bowed affirmatively, -very much wishing to know in return the speakers name. Drive round to the front door, my man"-mid the person waving his hand anthoritatively, and ness. This was the second time her strange disappearing as he snoke.

and lot the same person is standing ready to receive her in the great hall door. He seemed used to command, whistever his name; for an Cathie stepped lightly on the stone steps of the portion his voice rung out clear and loud, bidding Michael bring in Miss Bruner's baggage.

Cathic entered the hall, which was covered with oil cloth, fresh and handsome as that in her own home; and now the young man extended his hand in a free cordial manner, with the words: "will you sceept your cousing David's brown hand, Miss Bruner?"

Cathie would not have appeared surprised for he world at this; but involuntarily she blushed aughed, and then held out her own little gloved one, which for the first time in its life ay in a great, dark, and rough one.

David led his consin into a spacious summ parlor, so shady and obscure, that he was obliged to throw back the shutters, when in came light, and the breath of flowers together, and Cathie could not help all the time wondering where her aunt and cousins were.

"Take off your bonnet, cousin Cathie," said David, leading her to a sofa; "and I will call my mother and sisters, they are all down in the grapery, gathering grapes."

Cathie threw down her bonnet and black silk mantle-"please let me go with you, cousin David," she said, "for indeed I have never seen a grapery in my life!" David smiled at her simple girlishnes of

manner-"well, but it may be too far for one so delicate to walk?" But no-Cathie would go - she felt wild for just such a stroll after the long ride which

had cramped her limbs; besides, she wanted to

see a farm, and the girls quickly as possible. So Michael was given over to the mes-servamts of the farm yard, and Cathie with only a green veil thrown lightly over her hund, was led out into the fresh air by a back door opening on to a porch, and thence to a gravel walk, which guided them into one of the most beautiful gardens she had ever seen. Every thing seemed on so large a seale-the trees were so lofty-and touched as they had begun to be owth, and almost unearthly loveliiness, with the fast dying sun-light tipping

While the young girl was admiring the charming and novel scenery which lay spread around, cousin David stalked along by her side mute halt, a little veiled head leaning far forward, and silent; presently he gave a long loud whistle was thrust out to reconnective, and a soft youth- which often repeated, soon brought several great bounding dogs to him, who sprang with low Serce growls of delight upon their master; and he evidently enjoyed supremely, that which was

their far off heights.

David Hawthorn, in his gratification of their gambols, did not at once observe how pale her cheeks and lips had suddenly become,-and then said-"open the gates, Mighael, and drive when he did, his expression of countenance plainly told that he considered it all a piece of

affectation. "I have always been a great coward, cousing

"So I should judge;" was his reply spoken in an ironical tone-but there they are all gone now-and here we are just within view of our destination," and without deigning aunovel look, and seemed so new. Miss Cathie other word to the little strange Cathie-he was about to visit distant relatives whom she led the way rapidly along, and never stopped till he had reached his mother's side.

All the home sickness which but a momen before had lain heavily about the stricken heart fled at the kind hearty welcome bestowed b her aunt Lucy, and her cousins Helen and Sophy, two beautiful girls, who won her heart at almost the first glance. Down went the heavily laden baskets upon the grass, filled with rich ripe fruit, that all might have not too in water

David looked on silently with those dark mingled mournfully with these reflections: As piercing eyes of his, to see how Cathie hore hershe then gave herself up to reverie; a loud clear | self toward the family, for he had been long impressed with a firm conviction of her pride and ity prejudices-coming to them he feared a manifestation of this in her manner; but when he noted how bright and affectionate was the amile which sprang to her fresh coral lips, and distance. Cathie threw back her green well and beamed from out the sparkling asure eyes she

little velvet hand grasping the coarse basket.

At length both hands together were applied for the strength of Cathio's wrists were giving way, when David had grace enough left to advance to her rescue-and as he took the unwonted burthen she had borne, it was with "We were expecting you, Miss Bruner, strong grasp, which more elequent than words expressed his almost contempt of her puny weak-

he stope are let down, the door flits open, a duration too! Of course she learned to drain

who came in from the field just as the family something. Cathie pretended not to see himthe aid of art, but with a grace free and wild as stopped in the middle of the room, his hurry fully at will. The dress he wore, was plain as then broke forth-"why cousin Cathrie, can it a farmer's should have been, yet his manners be possible that this is you?" were tinged with all that refinement so perceptible in the mother, and he greeted cousin with a cold air-"am I different in any respect Cathie with an ease and grace seldom surpassed from my usual self?" in the drawing-rooms of fashionable society.

So Cathie liked him from her heart, talking and joking with freedom and gladness, very different from that feeting with which David indifferent after all to the "pet." had by his severity inspired her.

In the evening, which proved soft and balmy, they all repaired to the great parlor, and, to ling spite of himself to his brow and cheek, as Cathie's delight, there stood an open piano under an open window, through which shone, in long silvery streaks, the bright autumnal moon. It was not long before she was sitting there, bathed in its glorious radiance, singing her favorite songs-her Aome songs; and she soon forgot that she was harkened to by strangers' ears, for the whole soul went forth in that gushing melody, regardless of aught else,-David could not despise her there, nor did not. He thought her levely-charming; for so she cess, shaded from the brighter light enveloping Cathie-for no other than broad moonbeam shone upon mantel or centre-table that radiant night. But his volse was silent alone, while tiful songstress. Helen and Sophy begged for they doller another, and still another song. But now it was their turn, Cathie said, and rising, she with gentle force drew Helen upon her sent, with bright autumnal tints, appeared to be of who soon set them all agoing with little lively by a quartette in which David was compelled to take part, and, to Cathie's astonishment, his and depth of melody she had always so longed merry peals of laughter, for she could not help

> "How heavenly," she said to David-"i this harmonious blending of the voices of brothers and sisters-how often have I not Cathie hall found out something that morning, wished for them, as I sit and sing in my lone- which had lightened her heart considerably, and

"You shall then sing with us." was the ner far outshines our old-fashioned ways, giving clear open manly face, until he had looked really a far different effect."

"I don't think so," said Cathie, humbly-"your tones, especially, are very superior, excelling by far a talented first class vocalist I have lately heard at a concert in our city."

David was struck dumb, at such praise sin erely given too, and while in this stage, Alfred, who was never embarcassed for a reply, said-'cousin Cathie, I am not suprised at your opinion. -we all think David excels in singing." "I shall not be made a subject of conversa

tion, nor a spectacle of," said David to himself. as he disappeared from the room, and was not again seen that evening—but he did not go now came down to them as they all sat around very far, not without the sound of their happy in a row, laighing and chatting gaily, with her be done by the rest of them-no, he would not pation. he put out of his way for her comfort, but was "Can you pure apples, Cathle?" said he determined to employ himself just as usual, consin Alfred, handing her a pan full of than in and out of doors-wear the same coat and as he spoke, and leaning over her carefully, an hat, which he was accustomed to wear—he was as he sat down close by her side—"or shall I not going to disfigure himself, as Alfred was assist you, or rather teach you? now tell the sure to do. Not a whit cared he what she truth, Cathie, did you ever in your life attend thought of him-in her beautiful fine dresses, an apple cutting before?" and not white hands, which he was sure, were only placed there for ornaments, and to show off her brilliant rings upon.

Cathie had not the key to all his resolves, and much woodered at his reserve toward her, moment Cathie entered, his whole attention for after the first evening he was always en- became absorbed in her sweet face, and strong voice was not again heard in their little con- bor, betook to himself another room.

that it would not do to urge brother David- table. Cathie, poor little thing, was one among he was so odd!

doing her share of every thing which formed a looking so weary and heated, that David really morning's employment for her consins, because felt sorry for her, and thought within himshe did not like to sit down all alone, while self as he approached her, that he never had they were active, and stirring about-and she seen so bewitching and persevering a creature. cousin David had made her feel more than unreally enjoyed her labors.

While David and Alfred were out to the bur on field, the perhaps with broom or duster, was going about in the simplest of pretty morn-How different he was from the rest of them; ing wrappers, with her soft dark hair put his mother and sisters were polite and refined... straight sack behind her little ears, and fasteneminently so, -and she could soon see scoon- ed up with a tiny silver comb. One morning plished in other respects than honsehold affairs, while employed in aweeping the parlor, and There was another brother, Alfred Haw- singing is an accompaniment, she was surprised thorn, almost the perfection of manly beauty, by David, who came in hastily in search of were seated at the tea-table that evening-his for he was so odd, that she did not know how cheeks glowing with a fresh ruddy color, which to take him, and so she dropped her broom, and exercise had lent them-while fair hair lay in | went to arranging some books upon the centrocrisped curls over his temples, not trained by table until he should go out-but David had though the air of heaven had toused them play- all over-he stood quite still for a moment, and

"Why not cousin David," replied Cathie,

David was thinking how beautiful she looked and what a lovely little wife she would make for some one not very far off-for he was not

"I did not know that you could work Cathing" said he bluntly, the red blood manthe fixed his ever full upon her own.

"I did not either," said Cathie-"but you cannot tell how I enjoy it, and how dearly I love to come here every morning after I'v cleaned up things so nicely, and sit down in one little corner with my sewing, and think it all over again." "Hyery morning, Cathie, is this your occupa-

tion " said David, almost tenderly, for he had noticed of late how beautifully every thing was arranged-how fresh were the flowers in the looked to him as he stood in a little dark re- creamy vases-'but you would soon tire after the novelty wore off." "Indeed I shall not, cousin David, for after

I go away from here to my own home, it shall that be executated there. But come to think of all the rest joined in load applause of the bean- it, do you never like any one only for what

This was a home thrust, and made David bits his lips for very vexation, for he knew that such was the case. "Why do you ask that question Cathief" he

"Because, this is the only time that you have at all seemed to notice me, or care about me voice was remarkable for that clearness, beauty since I came"-and Cathie broke forth into

it. David looked so droll. "Pshaw!" said David, muttering something inaudibly as he hurried out of the room-but

this was that her consin David did not setnally hate her, as she had before feared. For one moreply-"but your brilliancy of tone and man- ment, his whole soul had shone forth upon the handsomer for all his coarse clothes, and great straw hat. The busy times had come at the farm house—the gathering in of fruits-making cider-apple butter, &c., and so all hands were in requisition for the autumn work.

Apple cetting time had come too-and som of the neighbring folks, young girls, and young men also, low collected together in the kitcher of Mrs. Hawthorn, to assist in the pleasan task, which is always the case to make one of merry enjoyments of country life. How new to Cathie it was, and how she had looked for ward to the evening in pleasant anticipation, and mirthful voices, as truth compels me to say he full white ams bare to the elbew, and a little was not graciously inclined to pet and spoil— checked appea on covering the delicate muslin his already ruined cousin, as he forcessw, would which never had been engaged in such an occu-

"Never, consin-but you

l'lletry to learn." David sat on the opposite side of the great gire-place, beside a very pretty girl, but the gaged in some way or other, separate from determination to learn. He kept watching them-if he had any leisure moments, they were Alfred, and at length became so provoked at spent in reading or writing, but very seldom in their triffing conversation, and merry peals of conversation; and he must have forgotten his laughter, that he threw down his pau, and having invited her to sing with him, for his without a word of spology to his pretty neigh-

Cathie noted this and her heart beat al Cathie seas very sorry at all this, for his pe- the faster. When he came back, a long time culiar tones were sailly missed. But when she had passed away, and many were engaged in expressed a wish to have it otherwise, either, or stirring the boiling liquor, which when finished, both of his sisters would reply sorrowfully, makes so delightful a condiment for the teathem; for true to her determination, there she Cathie was a pet then, and daily becoming was standing over a boiling cauldron with a more beloved by all,-for she would persist in great ladle in her small hands, stirring away, "Positively, dear Cathie, you shall do noth

ladie as he spoke and laying it down; "see how red and tired your hands look, and your cheeks -why, I could almost light a cigar by them."

"Am I, then, so frightful?" said Cathie, tain me." about to run away; but David enught her an she flow,-"No, no; you are only too lovely as you are. Come back, for heaven's sake, and keep me company, for I never was so wretched I" "What do you want with me, then?" said my choice." Cathle, blushing a deeper red, and quite embarrassed.

"O! I only wish to have you near me; and you need not talk, if you are so tired." "But I am too tired for talking or anything else. Please let me go, cousin David."

At this David dropped her hand, and said in an altered, vexed tone, "Go, then, if you must." And so our hero was more gloomy than before; nothing made him laugh. While all the | well matched in appearance, at least, Cathie;" rest were joking and happy, he stood aloof, longing for he knew not what,

The next day, while at the cider-press, he observed Cathie stealing down a shady walk which led to a pleasant little retreat, sacred to the girls, who had called it their summer-house ing it for their own use. Cathie had a book in her head and shoulders, was gracefully threading summer-house. It was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, bright and balmy; the mellow beams of the sun shone with a flickering light coming down through clustering boughs of forest trees, which had been touched by light frosts until embroider my roughness a little"colored with hues of beauty more gorgeous than ere dreamed of by poet or painter. The warm, with gashing emotions of delight to the loveliness of earth, and involuntarily her step became more lofty, har inward thoughts more haly as she raised her eyes to drink in to her very soul, if so it might be, the breath of heaven which now fanned lip, and cheek, and brows.

from her place of destination, when a hurried step, and the shadow of a man just thrown across it, stopped her. She turned, and al- able life!" most in affright, too, to meet the glance of "I believe it has all come through your affec-

"Oh! how you startled me," said Cathie, as she was almost doing, when he laid one hand the house." upon her arm-"may I not go with you Cathie?" his words were spoken almost beseechthe past evening.

Cathie understood the glance he bent upon her-so she answered coaxingly, "would not to-morrow do as well, consin David-I am roading such an interesting book!"

He assisted her over the stile in silence, replaced the bars, and leaned over it, with his eves bent upon the ground.

Cathie turned from him without a word, took two or three irresolute steps forward, and then came back to him-" what is the matter David. Are you offended with mei"

"You avoid me in every way," he replied gloomily-"I know that I am rough, impolite unfit to appear in the same society with you, but for all that"-he stopped again, and still looked upon the ground.

"Why are you not like cousin Alfred;" then she said-but the words were repented of as soon as spoken, for David burst forth almost

"You would like to lead me by the neck you forever;" and David raised his head erect, gave one lofty glance of disdain, as a farewell to plishments and pleasures. Cathie, and turned to go.

But her look chained nim to the spot-it was so deprecating, as though asking for forgiveness-and he was ugain a slave.

"I am glad that you are not like Alfred, David1. "Your reasons?" as he looked almost fiercely

upon her. Because I like spirit and bold manliness that nothing, not even the opinion of the world can quell4"

"Dearest Cathie, go on!" "I am done, and have no more

With a lesp and bound he is at her side; no thing could restrain him from throwing his arms about her slight form. "Cathle, love, tell me again with your own

kind voice, that I am not rough, nor hateful to Cathie spoke tremblingly-"I believe you be noble and good."

"But my course coat, sun-barnt face, and brown hands, what shall be done with these, my "Let them be; if we were only not cousins

David-that is the only thing that makes me unhappy!" "Give me that dear little hand, Cathie, for David drew it within his own, gazing with

ing more to-night," he said, taking away the fond pride upon the sweet down-cast face, which was cast mournfully upon the earth-"My own Cathie, you are not happy, while I feel so glorious, so that earth can scarely con-

> "You must not mistake me, David," said Cathie, meeting his eyes which were bent so tenderly upon her own-"but I do not feel sure of acting wisely, until my dear mother approve

> "But we will go to her, Cathie! And you will be surprised to see what a gentleman I shall appear, when I doff the garments in which I am truly ashamed, of having had the temerity to win that dear little heart, and you always look so parely beautiful, too-dressed so exquisitely in those roseate robes, of which I am so proud. Pshaw! I ought to be ashamed of myself for such obstinacy,-we do not seem and David looked with contrition upon his own shabby outfit.

"But your heart and sentiments are most noble, David, and that is of far more consequence, although I do not pretend to despise the case, which even throws a charm around -he had himself aided in preparing and adorn- the most Apollo like form." Cathie possessed too much feminine delicacy to pain the sensiher hand, and with a light blue scarf thrown over tive feelings of her lover; therefore, quick as thought she turned to another subject, that of her way along the grassy path which led to the her own deficiencies .- "But you have forgotten David, that I am not fit to be a farmer's wife, and you would wish me to be useful?"

"I do not longer care for that, Cathie-promise but to stay with me, if only to polish and

"I am fit for something else," said Cathieher bright blue eyes fair and deep as the sky above, throbbing soul of the young girl responded | flashing proudly as she spoke-'leave that to a higher power, who has not placed you smid such glorious scenery, and the cultivation of yielding so rich sa increase, without implanting emotions which no created being hath power to call forth-rather let me hope to yet learn this lesson, that the higher gifts of life are alone She had reached the stile which divided her developed by leading a life of usefulness!"

"My noble Cathie, and you are the one, I deemed weak, foolish, and only fit for fashion-

tion for me David " said Cathie a -"but you may pick up my book, David, it is he let down the bars for her to cross over, which too late for me now to read, and I shall go to

A bright tear fell upon the great hand that was reaching for the book-but when the peneingly, and his hold still upon that soft white trating eye of her lover sought to know if it arm which had looked so dazzlingly pure to him came from the blue eyes so worshipped by him; the delicate searf was suddenly drawn about. and the face turned away.

David, henceforth was led "tamely from house to field, parlor and kitchen, as any pet lamb'' could have been, moreover, his whole appearance became so transformed, that thereafter while with Cathie in her glittering silks and delicate merinoes, he could not have been mistaken for a laborer-for the hat, boots, and coat were carefully brushed, and the neck-cloth faultlessly white-for Cathie had gained her mother's consent-and very often was the same little green chariot obliged to traverse the road

and her delighted sisters, Helen and Sophy. I mistake if all were not pleased with the arrangement-excepting Alfred, who soon afterwards found it necessary to travel for his health, ere déciding upon a professional career.

Cathie is still the "pet" of Mrs. Thornton,

which separated her from her native home.

MORAL-We have discovered in the foregoing events, that fate does not always decree alone late hours, and an aimless following after apes and with a blue ribbon-but I am no lamb to bow | their concomitants, but sometimes kindly reaches meekly to the yoke-Cathie, I have done with forth a helping hand, that the realities and sober duties of life, may be mingled with its accom-

THE GREAT POLAR OCEAN .- At the last meeting of the London Geographical Society, Lieut. Osborne, a member of one of the British Aretle expeditions, argued at some length in favor of the support of the existence of a great polar ocean. He said that in Wellington channel he had observed an immense number of whales running out from under the ice, a proof that they had been to water and come to water, for every one knew they must have room to blow. He further said that there was almost a constant flight of ducks and goese from the northward, another proof of open water in that direction, since these birds found food only in such water. He added it was his deliberate opinion, from observations made on the spot, that whales passed up Wellington channel into a northern sea. In reference to the abundance of animal life to the leaves of animal life. of animal life, in the latitude of this supposed polar ass, he remarked that, while on the south-ern side of Lancaster? Sound "he never saw mough" game to feed his dog. Melville Island, one hundred and fifty miles to the northward, abounded in deer and musk oven. It was thus clear, he continued, that snimal life did not d pend on latitude; but increased, if anything, af-ter passing the seventieth degree. Moreover while in Baffin's bay the tide made for the southward; coming from the Atlantie, in Barrows Straits it made for the northward, which could only be explained on the hypothesis of

IT In St. Petersburg, by an old custom, every person, male or female lof what grade soever, taken up drunk in the street by the police, we are consins of a fourth remove, only;" and is obliged the next day to sweep the streets for a